

Night Drive

Poetry • Renata Buffalino

Glittering eyes flash in the dark
A streak of white, in a soup of
Vesuvian rubble.
Total blackened ash billowing out from
Jaded lips.
The shadows race across the trees,
Running from my headlights
And they are right to run
Even though it is my light that creates them.

That same brilliant white
A lighting crack of teeth and porcelain fang
Vermillion scales and ruby dipped claw
I'm not human anymore.
When I drive in the dark,
I'm alone in the world, and no one is real but me
I drive in silence
Using the whistle of the wind to guide me
It screams, he howls in pain,

But I can go as fast as I want for as long as I want.